

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VyzE5QH_x2I

Why is everyone not turnt up? It's a liquor party. I came to get drunk. I even lost my Rolex tonight.

You guys are the first family in America. Servants of the Lord will be praying that this is the year it kicks off .

He is going to turn up the fire this All Star Weekend.

There's a change coming but not what you are looking for. If you don't see it right away, you probably never will.

There are plenty of you here, but there's only a few concerned with upward mobility.

You guys are beginners now, so you're idealists, but you don't know about where art and corporate interests meet yet. Prepare to have your hearts broken. Get your Africa tickets ready, because it's coming, you have no idea.

If this is the means to the end, sip this and take it to the head God.

These are the episodes that will have America saying OMG...

"The One with All the Haters"

"The One with the Tiny T-Shirt"

"The One with the Foreign Car"

"The One with the Snitch"

"The One about White Amerikka"

"The One with the Mixtape Flop"

"The One with the General Population"

"The One with The Digital Space"

"The One where It Is What It Is"

"The One with the Stoned Shooter"

"The One where They're Going to Turn Up "

"The One with the Fake Ferragamo"

"The One with the Full Clip"

"The One where It Isn't The Same Stuff As Last Time"

"The One with The Rhinestone Beltbuckle"

"The One with The Mink Hoodie"

"The One with All the Bottles"

Do you understand the great space that you're in? You're in mainstream America. You go to the clubs, you don't have to worry about getting shot, you don't have to worry about people asking you for drops, trying to jump you, you don't worry about nothing. You're clean in your world. There's more money in your world, there's better opportunities.

Why do you want to be on this side so bad? I'm trying to cross over.

I say it all the time: I can't wait to sell out. Because you can't be a sellout until someone wants to buy in .

The last mixtape I did was called "My Bloody Shooter," and it didn't sell. It was real painful, cause I had experienced nothing but success. High as hell, drunk as hell, I had a record playing on the radio, videos...feeling myself.

And not to mention who I was, where I come from, the lifestyle that I'm living, bringing all that baggage to the celebration.

Still, I took the flop of "My Bloody Shooter" like a bitch, I was really upset.

And that's when I started smoking that weed. It just made me feel better. I'm not trying to tell kids to do it. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't tell anybody to do it, but that's how I dealt with my problems, and at the time it was working out great.

Nowadays you got different drugs on the scene . X done hit the hood. Bloodshot eyes, and large pupils.

I call it Heavenly Reach. With X I can make time go slow or fast, however I please, and that's how I know it doesn't exist.

It isn't going to take X for Justin Bieber. He just needs to get locked up one good time. He just needs to get put in general population with a couple of homeless people and a few crackheads. Scare the shit out of his little ass. He'll be crying. I bet you he'll never do anything black ever again. He won't put on another skully after he gets locked up. All he needs is something real quick. Just a little scared straight intervention. Stop trying to be a nigga. Let it go. Be who you are.

Don't be a waste of good white skin. These are people who could be politicians at any given time and there would be no issue. You should direct your attention to a culture that doesn't glamourise weed and other drugs.

I hear this talk about Molly all the time, and I'm pretty sure its not just me who has experienced the comedowns. Everyone gets them at one point or another. I've had some crazy experiences with Molly. One time my foot tried to run away from my body and I was all over the ground chasing my foot. Tyrese is one guy that never got caught up in drugs, he never had any dumb shit like DUI's. He always stayed clean, for all intention purposes.

Back in the day, way before I knew Hermes existed, he told me that we've gotta keep these light skinned brothers at bay.

So it doesn't surprise me that we've become close friends in recent years. Despite what everybody thinks, that's just my friend, he's real hood. I met him when I just finished my first mixtape, going into my second. There's a similarity in our paths: Each of us has been on a journey that can only be called a miracle. We hung in Harlem till seven in the morning.

Cases of champagne on the floor, styrofoam cups, weed in the air, hustling, girls walking by. He was in the club with me 24 hours a day completely sober.

I showed him love, but he was so sweaty, so in the end I snatched his chain and got on the first ferry to Shaolin...

It was calm, it's entertainment. I ain't even gonna lie, I'm a thug. I dine on MEDIA TAKEOUT.

I don't care what you represent, but when you're married to the streets it's hard to get a divorce. It's even hard to get a separation.

We all get caught in our own sins. Don't let your demons take you to hell, introduce them to heaven.

My father used to say "They can't move with us in this digital space. If everybody you hang with says they're lions, test them.

If a man invites you to his genitals, be ready to kill or die. The world you live in is just a sugar-coated topping. There is another world beneath it: the real world. And if you wanna survive it, you better learn to PULL THE TRIGGER."

It's not like me to have my back turned to open places. I wanna see it when it's coming. You carry a gun into a club, there's only one reason for that, and that's the difference between self-defense and offense. As an ex straight edge kid in warrior mode I have 12 years of wisdom and knowledge in this.

Those wanting a number one on the street charts, whenever you get lazy, look at Swizz Beats' IG page for motivation. Buzz from The Melvins asked me something once. He said "If these guys have so much money, how come they couldn't pay to get their records played?" That's the thing that keeps sitting with me, if you can pay, why don't you pay and get it on?

No matter what it costs, something must be done. Kids really need something to be crazy about. I don't believe that you should wallow in the past. People say life is not like it used to be. That's the most boring conversation you can have. Wherever you are, whatever the era is, whatever the party is, make it the most fun you can. POSITIVE MENTAL ATTITUDE.

I went to see DMX play last night. It was hot as a motherfucker, and the stage was crowded. Everybody in the crowd had those leashes that make it look like you're walking an invisible dog. The Lox were there. Jadakiss was wearing overalls, and when they finished, the shit was around his waist. He also had a mink hoodie, and somebody threw a drink at him. Without hesitation, he dove into the crowd. Once he went in, his whole crew dove in. I love that grimy shit, I'm immune to it.

But my Goddess don't roll like that.

There's was no bottle service. No ice buckets. No tables. Just buying out champagne at the bar. No parade of Dom Pérignon or Moët Rosé at your table with sparklers. We just piled up finished champagne bottles in those containers busboys would go around the club and throw dirty glasses in. I've never been in a party with this many bottles. Once the bottles were finished, we put them up on the bar and stood in front of them to show how many we bought.

Let me explain something about this game. It's authentic. Niggas running around, speaking a language, saying the terms, talking the talk, pure recklessness, proper fuel. We weren't the first to do this. But after we showed up it hasn't been the same since. Once upon a time I was a young cat trying to make a name for myself, and I had a point to prove. I think I accomplished that. Now everything's on full. Stomach full, bank account full, clip is full. The real is back, and only cause the streets need us. I've created this space for us, where everyone looks to see what we're gonna say next. It's like now we gotta come harder every time. Detonating chests. Wrecking lungs. Popping veins. We are not out for justice, we are shooting to kill.

If an 11-year-old were to imitate me, they would be a CEO of their own company, controlling their own destiny, taking a bad situation and making it good. The money is turning my noodles into pasta.

Keep it burnt in your head for when you enter my zone, cos I still got that fire. The spit and shit of punk.

Maybe its just me buzzing. But my head is thinking straight.